

The Pennell Whirlpool

1927



Pennell Institute—Gray, Maine

The
Pennell Whirlpool

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JUNIOR CLASS OF PENNELL INSTITUTE
Gray, Maine

Vol. IX.

APRIL, 1927

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Pennell Institute should have a debating team. During the last quarter century the art of public speaking has fallen into disuse. In the past, weekly declamations were required of the students of Pennell. In some respects this method of speaking was practical; in others it was not. The chief argument against it is that it was exceedingly painful for those taking part. At the present time humanity and the Sophomore class would be greatly benefited if this system were to be employed as a means of curbing unruly freshmen. Having disposed of the "freshies", how about the remaining classes? A clear understanding of English grammar is necessary to the average student. Debating brings into play those points of grammar which are emphasized in the English classes. It also gives the school much publicity which it would not receive otherwise. Another advantage is the financial side. The profits real-

ized from the debates could be used for many improvements which are needed at the present time. Perhaps the greatest argument in favor of a debating team is its benefit to the future citizen. Arguments presented in a logical way train a person to think for himself and not be swayed by the empty enthusiasm of the mob. America's future citizens must have logical minds and clear heads if they are to decide wisely on the great issues which will confront them. Such minds enabled our leaders of the past to lay the foundations of a mighty republic, and such minds will enable our leaders of the future to make America the friend of right and the enemy of wrong.

I have given you several reasons why Pennell Institute should have a debating team. Let's get together and work hard, and may success reward our efforts.

W. S. C., '29



LITERARY

"THE PLOT THAT FAILED"

Paul Vernon, a world renowned scientist, was sitting before the fire place in his New York Mansion in a thoughtful mood. His secretary who had served him five years was leaving the next day and he had engaged a new one who was arriving at seven that night. In his profession, a dependable secretary was an important item, and he dreaded the thoughts of a new assistant.

As he gazed into the fire, his thoughts wandered back to days gone by and he remarked with a start, "Why, it was just twenty years ago tonight!" He raised his eyes and looked thoughtfully at a large painting of a beautiful young matron and a sunny haired child. "Poor Maria," he sighed. At this moment the door opened and a large grey haired woman entered. She was Julia Chamard, the scientist's sister. As she seated herself by the window, Mr. Vernon turned to her and said, "Julia, did you realize that it was just twenty years ago tonight that we were in that ship wreck?"

"No, Paul, I had not given it a

thought," she responded, with a voice full of annoyance.

"If only the child could have been saved, I might not have been so lonely in my old age. I suppose it was the will of God," and he again gazed into the burning embers.

Julia quietly left the room and closed the door. In the hallway she met her son, Jack, the heir to the Vernon millions, a happy go lucky youth of twenty-five, who spent his leisure moments thinking of new ways to spend "uncle's" money.

"Paul has had another spell tonight; my conscience troubles me when he appears that way. I wonder what really did become of Virginia after I left her?"

"Oh, the deuce with Virginia! Where would we come in if she had been saved? There's no danger of her appearing, so forget it," interrupted Jack, "Well, I'm off. I'll be in about midnight. Good night," and, with a slam of the door, he was gone.

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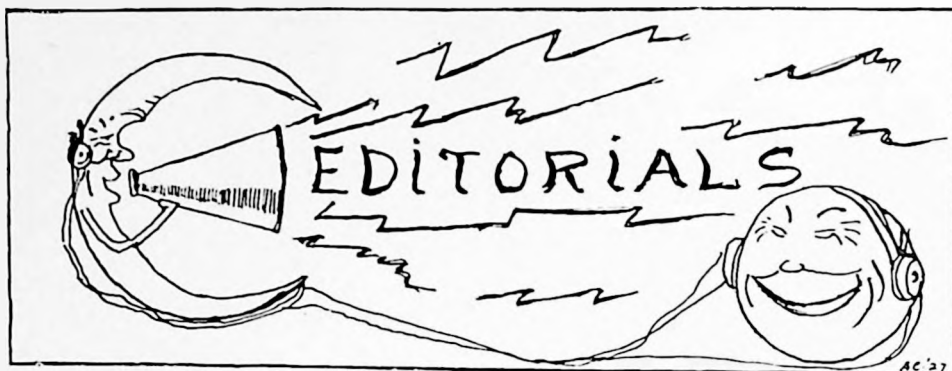
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With a sigh Julia slowly mounted the stairs. When she was in the seclusion

of her room, her thoughts wandered back to that dreadful night so long ago. Again she heard the roar of the waves and the ringing of the bells. Again she heard the crash, and then confusion reigned. Men were shouting, women were crying hysterically, and the life boats were lowered. At last she had found herself adrift in the tossing sea, she and the child, Virginia. For a night and a day they had drifted at the mercy of the waves but on the second day they were washed ashore on an island. Here they remained relying upon a native for food and shelter. During these gloomy days Julia had spent her time in deep thought. Julia's great weakness was her love for her only son, Jack. She knew that he desired a share in his uncle's fortune but of course since Maria's death the baby was the only heir. Why not leave the child on the island with the native? They would think that it had been drowned, and she would never be suspected. Jack would then be the only heir. When a ship did arrive, the temptation was too great for her to resist and she left the child with the kind hearted native.

When she reached New York, she soon learned that Paul Vernon had been saved and she immediately went to his home. She shuddered as she thought of the way Paul had felt when she had told him that she did not have the child. He had lost the last hope. How Julia had survived the days that followed she never knew, but at last it had been partially forgotten in the cares of every day life. Jack had become the undisputed heir but, oh, what a price to pay!

The clock in the library struck seven

and Professor Vernon aroused himself from his thoughts as the butler announced, "Miss Virginia Marshall". As he arose from his chair, a tall slender girl entered the room and extended her hand. With a gasp Vernon seized her hand and asked excitedly, "Who are you?"

"Why, I am Virginia Marshall, the secretary you engaged," responded the girl.

"You are the living image of my daughter who was lost at sea," said Mr. Vernon.

"How queer," responded the girl, "My mother was drowned at sea and I was found on an island. My mother's name was Maria Vernon Marshall, so the papers said that Aunt and Uncle Evans found among my clothing."

"You are my long lost granddaughter," said the old man, as he flung his arms about the girl. During the conversation that followed, Virginia told of her rescue by the world cruisers, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, of her education and her sudden desire to come east.

Suddenly Paul Vernon realized that he had not told Julia of his great joy and he opened the door and shouted to her. When she came, he told her of Virginia's rescue. Julia tried to cover her guilt as much as possible but it is needless to say that she received full payment for her sin.

Neither Paul Vernon or Virginia ever knew that she left the child on the island, but they never could understand why Julia and Jack insisted upon changing their living quarters. Virginia lived with her grandfather and became a great comfort in his old age.

Georgia A. Young, 1928

THEN AND NOW

In the beginning of all things God created man in his image and gave him dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea. Man was lonely and desired a companion. To satisfy this longing God created a woman. All went well until Eve was seized by an acute attack of curiosity, a disease prevalent among all members of her sex. After their expulsion from Eden, Adam asserted his authority and became master of his family. Luckily for him Eve had never seen a movie or a washing machine and had never heard of the installment plan. If she had, the history of the world would be slightly different. Man remained leader through the ages and woman followed in his footsteps.

Women continued in this state until the early part of the twentieth century, when her sex began a determined effort to break down the barriers of tradition and establish themselves on an equal footing with men. At first they were not successful. Then the boll weevil attacked the cotton fields of the south. Serious measures require serious remedies, so the American woman volunteered to sacrifice several inches of the voluminous draperies which covered her person. Thus the freedom of women begins. It was about this time, I believe, that some patriotic Jap invented silk stockings. This simple invention made Japan one of the most powerful of the world nations. As woman gained physical freedom, she argued with irresistible logic that she should have mental freedom also. Man had no scruples against physical freedom, so as an exper-

iment he yielded to her demands and gave her the vote.

Their next move was to bring about the subjection of man. First they passed the 18th amendment, then the direct primary law, and as a crowning blow they decided against the League of Nations. "We can handle our domestic affairs without arbitration," said they. A woman would be lost without the pleasure of a family quarrel or the latest scandal about her neighbors. Year by year they grew stronger. Drunk with power and the praise of reformed reformers, they elected two governors. A writer once said, "The best laid plan will fail." They forget that 99% of the fair sex worship that little green god called jealousy. Before the war America did not have enough government. To-day we have too much. Oh! for the days gone by when men were men and women were women.

To whom it may concern: If there are any who wish revenge, the author has left for parts unknown. Some say he was crossed in love, others say he owed the Senior class for candy.

SLIM'S DOG

One fine afternoon a tall clean-cut looking man followed by a huge collie rode into the little western town of Lost River. He rode to the Post Office, dismounted, left the dog to watch his horse, strode past the small group of loafers to the window, and asked for Frank Pearson's mail. The sheriff, who was one of the loafers, eyed the dog suspiciously. The morning before there had

been seven sheep found dead on the range.

Slim came from the Office and was about to ride away when the sheriff touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Fine looking dog you have there." Slim turned, looked at the stranger for a moment, and said.

"Yes, sir, I would give my life for that dog, he's a great pal."

The sheriff learned that Slim, as he was called, was living in a cabin in the mountains. He had come from the east to the west for his health.

A week after his interview with the sheriff Slim woke to find his dog, Spot, missing. He ate breakfast and went out to look for him. He went but a short distance when the sheriff and two prominent sheep men overtook him on foaming horses.

"Hello," they said, "twelve more sheep have been found over on range seven; it is the work of a killer." Slim showed his surprise, inquired what a killer was, and offered his services. They explained that a killer was a "lone" wolf or dog that wanders through the sheep country spreading terror to the sheepmen.

Slim saddled his mount and was ready to ride with the three men when Spot came in with his jaws much covered with fresh blood. Spot came bounding up to his master with a look of triumph on his face and he was much troubled to think that he didn't get the usual kind words and attention from his master. The sheriff looked at the dog and then spoke to Slim.

"There is the killer! I never liked the looks of that dog! If you don't

want to kill him, I will do the job for you.....that is the law."

Slim pleaded with the sheriff but he wouldn't listen. He drew his gun and was ready to fire when Slim planted himself in front of Spot and said quietly, "You will shoot him over my dead body!"

The sheriff was angry and threatened Slim, but his angry words were broken by a shout from up the road. A Mexican herder and a stranger were approaching and across the shoulders of the Mexican was a huge wolf. The man came up, patted the dog, and then turned to the astonished sheriff. He explained that he was a government man hired to track and capture the killer. The night before he had seen two swiftly moving objects running across the plains. As they neared the foot of the mountains, he recognized the killer and the dog. The wolf suddenly turned to attack the collie. They fought for a minute and then the dog got the wolf by the throat, and battered him over the rough ground, until finally the wolf ceased his struggles. The dog stood by for a moment and then, seeing that the wolf was dead, left. The man followed him as quickly as possible because he was afraid the dog might be shot for the killer. The sheriff turned to Slim and apologized for speaking as he did and rode away. All the sheepmen in the town helped Slim to get a flock of his own and Spot tended them at night. He has the reputation of being the most popular sheep dog in the state.

H. Norman Cole, 1928.

NEIGHBOR'S HENS

"O what foolish things hens are! They ain't got the sense they was born with."

Did you ever see a hen that knew enough to stay at home, unless it was fenced in by a ten foot wire fence? Why, sometimes they even fly over that, although they are not as a rule considered of the flying variety. You often see a flock of hens leisurely crossing the road. There is an old riddle, "Why does a hen always cross a road?" The answer is: "Because she can't go around." but I should say the answer really is because she doesn't know enough to stay where she belongs.

Imagine for a minute an ordinary scene. A motorist who is in a hurry has to slow up to allow a flock of hens, that seem to think they have the right of way, to pass in front of him. Probably the man's language would not be proper to record. I hardly blame the man, for, although hens give the appearance of hurrying, their legs are too short to carry them very fast. If one of these hens by any chance happens to get under the wheel, its value, altho it was rather low while life remained, takes a sudden rise, when transformed into a corpse.

No matter how inviting the hen's own garden, the one across the street or the one next door is much more enticing. Well that's "hen sense". Hens always seem to think that what the other person has, no matter how poor it may be, is better than their own. I suppose worms are bigger and juicier in some places than in others but I'm sure it wouldn't make any difference to me and I wish it

didn't to hens. It certainly is pleasant to plant a garden or sow grass seed and have the neighbor's hens come hunting for worms that probably, ten times out of twelve, don't prove any better than those at home.

To me, hens have no beauty or charm. I can't follow the example of a little girl who kept hens and had a name for every one. She knew them all by name too. One day when a visitor asked her how she told them apart, she answered, "By their pretty little faces".

Well I guess the only satisfactory hen on earth is one on a platter in a sea of gravy with islands of dumplings floating all around. Those certainly cause no trouble unless you are to blame for being greedy.

Elizabeth S. White, 1928

DAYLIGHT SAVING

One pleasant June evening found the main road of the large summer resort, Lake Wood, thronged with a gay procession. It was the night of the dance at the Greens, members of the summer colony who had just moved into their new cottage, "A regular mansion," as Capt. Daniel Gould called it. Capt. and Mrs. Gould were among the select few of the town's people invited. Among the many cars going in that direction was a fine looking sport Buick. The occupant of this car, Bruce Lowrey, looked very downhearted, not as a young college man, son of a New York banker, should look when starting for a dance. He had just called at the Mason Cottage to get Beatrice, for whom he had

arranged to call at 8.15 P. M., but he had found no one at home.

Soon after his arrival Capt. Gould found his way to the side of Mr. Lowrey.

"Welcome to our town," said Mr. Gould. "How's the family?"

"Fine, thank you," replied Mr. Lowrey.

"I see Bruce Jr. is looking pretty well this year. I suppose he'll bring Beatrice Mason over tonight."

"Well, I thought he had planned on it but I saw her come in with her folks."

The next morning when Bruce entered the dining room he found his father who announced that the ladies had gone out for the day. After eating the meal in silence, they left the table.

"Seems to me you have been pretty mum for a fellow who's raved over that dance for a month. Got sick of it pretty quickly didn't you?" suggested Mr. Lowrey.

"Yes! What's the program for today?"

"I am going to run up to the city. Want to come along?"

"No, guess I'll put in the day here."

"Good luck to you, son," were Mr. Lowrey's parting words.

At six o'clock after a tiresome day Bruce threw down the novel he had been trying to read and decided to go down to the dam, in the motor boat, to see the beautiful sunset.

Absorbed in deep thought, he had been drifting in the cove at the left of the dam for a long time after the sun had gone down, when he became aware of a very pretty picture before

him. Beatrice was passing through the path of moonlight in her canoe. The face that he saw was sweet, refined, and delicate; and he marveled at its beauty in spite of his late resolutions. He was also in the path of moonlight but she ignored him and passed on toward the dam, going straight toward the sluice which was hidden in the shadows. She was within a few rods of it when Bruce, realizing her danger, called to her to stop. Again she ignored him, paddling straight forward, and wondering for what absurd reason he was giving her orders.

"Miss Mason, please turn to your right, you're going into that sluice", repeated Bruce anxiously.

But before she could grasp his meaning, the canoe was caught in the current and swept forward with a shock that wrenched the useless paddle from her hands. The motor boat shot across the current just in back of the canoe and she was pulled into the boat.

Bruce swung the boat around toward home and settled down at the wheel. It was she who broke the silence.

"You were just in time. I want to thank you, Mr. Lowrey," she said.

"Never mind the Mr.", was the short reply.

"But you called me Miss", she answered.

"I thought you wished it from your attitude last night."

"Yes, I was just wondering how you got around so soon tonight. Rather unusual, wasn't it?"

"May be, but I make it a point to be on time," he replied unconcernedly.

"You do!" she said indignantly.

"Yes."

"I suppose—last night for instance."

"I was at your home at 8.15."

"You were not", she said curtly.

"I was unless my watch is on the bum." He takes out his watch, "It is just 7.32 now, isn't it?"

"No," she faltered looking at her wrist watch, "It is just 8.32, but don't you see?"

"I see. Daylight Saving!"

After expressing their views on Daylight Saving time and a number of other things, they started home to make the announcement for which many had been waiting.

J. Winnifred Cobb, 1928

THE RESULT OF MOONSHINE WHISKEY

One fine winter afternoon about twenty-seven o'clock in the year nineteen hundred half past two, with the thermometer registering 204° above zero, a tall, lanky, old woman took his way across the frozen Atlantic to the land of Egypt in Norway. She immediately knocked on the door of the king's palace on Wall Street and, as no one answered the bell, he stepped on the roof and jumped across to Asia Minor by the way of China and the Dead Sea.

One of the ancient Babylonians took her around to see the Klondike gold mines which are noted for their fine cut glass. Then they went to the hanging garden of Babylon, which immediately came unhung after they entered and, as there was a high wind, they were blown to the North Pole.

The Babylonian, not accustomed to the terrific heat, which became intense as they neared the pole, perished.

A native Eskimo was much interested in the old lady and took him out to see the numerous palm trees and vineyards. Having seen enough of the North Pole, the lady sent to Charles Williams Stores to get a fur coat so that she could visit the Equator.

When the dear old lady reached his destination, the thermometer was down to absolute zero, so she sent to the Dutch East India Co. to get some more furs. He marveled much at the natives that were running around naked.

After this exciting vacation she wanted to return to his home in the good old U. S. A.

H. Norman Cole, 1928

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

Place: A summer resort on a lake in Northern Maine.

Time: In the summer of 1920.

Rich people from all over the New England and Middle Atlantic States were spending their summer there.

Cast: Mrs. Nelson, a millionaire from New York. Eva Nelson, her eighteen year old daughter. Her only occupation is beau catching. Jim Belden, one of Eva's beaus, a detective. John Stone, Eva's latest attraction. Johnathan Flich, the owner of the hotel.

Act I

Scene I

Place: The reading room of the hotel. The room contains arm chairs

and a davenport. The curtain goes up showing Mrs. Nelson on the davenport reading a magazine.

Enter Eva and Jim. Eva is very excited and Jim is laughing about her.

Mrs. N.: "Well! What is the matter now?"

Jim: "Oh, she thinks there is a wild man out there in the woods, and she is afraid that he will run away with her."

Mrs. N.: "Ump! Is that all?"

Eva (indignantly): "I don't care whether you believe it or not, but I saw his footprint on the sand this morning."

Jim (sarcastically): "She will tell you next that she has seen him."

Eva: "I can prove it."

Jim: "Ha! Ha! Ha! Didn't I tell you? Tell us how you can prove that you saw him."

Eva: "I didn't say that I saw him. I said I saw his footprints and I can prove it."

Jim: "How?"

Eva: "I can prove it by John. He was with me when I saw it."

Jim: "Who is John? Is he the brother of your wildman?"

Eva: "If you want to talk like that, we will drop the subject."

Jim: "O well, I guess it is just as well before you drive us all crazy."

Mrs. N.: "I guess there is nothing to worry about."

Jim: "Come on, Eva. I will race you to Leaton's Island and back."

Eva: "I suppose I might as well do that as anything."

Exit Jim and Eva.

Enter John.

John (to himself): "It certainly is

funny about that footprint. I don't think there is a wildman around, but it does look as if it was made by a human's foot."

Mrs. N.: "Pardon me, but have you gone crazy too?"

John: "I beg your pardon, madam, I didn't know anyone was here."

Mrs. N.: "I thought I heard you say something about a wildman. Do you believe there is one too?"

John: "Well-I-er-er-I-no, I don't"

Mrs. N.: "Then what is the matter?"

John: "I-er-er-we were walking on the beach this morning and discovered an immense footprint and I-er-we have been trying to decide what made it."

Mrs. N.: "And who may "we" mean?"

John (growing very nervous): "Why-er-er-er a young lady and myself were taking a walk to-er-er-er together."

Mrs. N. (enjoying herself): "Did you say the young lady's name is Doris?"

John: "N'n'no I d'd'didn't mention her name."

Mrs. N.: "I will tell you then. Her name is Eva Nelson and I am her mother. So you needn't be embarrassed. Eva is very excited over that footprint and I want to find out what made it. Please tell me what you know about it."

John: "The footprint must have been made by a large person, if it was made by a person. The country people are bringing reports of strange cries heard in the neighboring woods. That is all I know about it."

Mrs. N.: "Did you try to track this strange creature?"

John: "No, you see Miss Nelson had to return to the hotel early, and since then I have had no time."

Mrs. N.: "Are you at liberty now?"

John: "Why-er-er-yes. Why?"

Mrs. N.: "Suppose you track him now?"

John: "But the footprints are probably destroyed by now."

Mrs. N.: "I half believe you are afraid."

John: "No-No I assure you, I am not afraid."

Mrs. N.: "Prove that you are not afraid by following the tracks."

John: "I'll try."

Exit John.

Curtain

Scene II

Place: The same.

Time: The next morning.

Enter Jim. He sits down in a chair in the corner of the room and picks up a magazine.

Enter Mrs. Nelson and John. They sit down facing each other without noticing Jim.

Mrs. N.: "Did you follow those strange footprints?"

John. "Yes I—"

Mrs. N.: "And you found—"

John: "Nothing but—"

Mrs. N.: "You found absolutely nothing? How far did you follow the tracks?"

John: "I followed them until they stopped."

Mrs. N.: "Where did they stop?"

John: "I followed them to a cave back in the woods about three miles.

The tracks went toward the cave but the entrance and floor of the cave were a ledge and I could not tell in which direction they went. Nothing was in the cave. On second thought I think it might have been a bear because I saw some fur hanging to a pointed rock at the entrance of the cave. He might have torn it from him while going into the cave. Furthermore, as you must know, the footprint of a bear much resemble the footprint of a human being.

Mrs. N.: "I congratulate you, my boy. You have done a wonderful piece of work and solved a deep mystery. I sincerely hope that Eva will reward you."

John (depreciatively): "It is just an idea and may not be right, you know."

Mrs. N.: "Of course you are right. I will go and tell Eva that her wild man was only a bear.

Exit Mrs. Nelson.

John picks up a paper.

Enter Mrs. Nelson and Eva.

Eva sees Jim reading a paper and runs up to him.

Eva: "Oh, Jim, Mr. Flich tells me you are a detective. You knew from the first that it was a bear, didn't you? I am sorry I—"

Enter Mr. Flich. He goes quickly up to Jim and grabs his hand.

Mr. Flich: "Congratulations, old man, that was good work. He sure was a tough looking customer."

Mrs. N. (to Jim): "What are the congratulations for? Oh I see. Who is she?"

Mr. Flich: "I don't know anything about any she's, but didn't you

know that detective Jim had solved the mystery of the footprint?"

Mrs. N. (Coldly): "I think you have made a mistake. Mr. Stone here has the honor of solving the mystery of the footprint. He has proved conclusively to my mind that the footprint was made by a bear."

Mr. Flich: "I don't think you know what I mean. I mean that detective Jim solved the mystery of the footprints found on the sand, down by the beach."

Mrs. N.: "I am talking about the same thing."

Mr. Flich: "Then you must be mistaken about Mr. Stone and the bear. Jim was hired to run down the murderer O'Conner."

Eva: "Not the Irishman, O'Conner?"

Mr. Flich: "Yes, I mean the Irishman. Jim believed that his man had come to this part of the State. Therefore he came here incognito. Jim arrived here a little sooner than O'Conner and was very disappointed when he found that his man was not here. He thought it best to wait for his man a few days, however, and one day he did come as expected. When Miss Nelson found the footprint, he did not seem to take much notice but he did some investigating by himself last night. He found that O'Conner had swum across the lake from Newsburg. When he set foot on shore, he was weak from his swim and staggered enough to make the footprint on the sand. He thought that he had left his pursuers behind by swimming the lake and did not try to hide his tracks on the way to the woods. Jim and the County

Sheriff followed him to a cave about three miles back in the woods. O'Conner was asleep when they got to the cave, but he soon realized that the Cops were after him. He fought all the way back as could be seen by the rents in his bear skin jacket and the torn clothes of Jim and the Sheriff."

Eva (throwing herself into Jim's arms and kissing him): "Oh, Jim, what if he had killed you? What made you face such danger?"

Mrs. N.: "What an outrage. Eva, go to your room immediately."

Eva (stoutly): "Can't I kiss my own husband without it being an outrage?"

Mrs. N.: "W' W' What, your husband?"

Eva: "Yes, Jim and I were married in Newsburg yesterday."

(Mrs. Nelson falls back in a faint).

John (springing up and taking Jim's hand in both of his): "Congratulations, old man. Long live the Bel-dins."

Curtain

Carroll Foster, 1929

A VIRGIL RECITATION

It was a cold bleak day in the middle of January. The snow came down in thick blankets which encompassed everything. The windows in the auditorium rattled to such an extent that people talking a short distance apart could understand one another only by watching the lips. The wind howled and whistled around the corners making as much noise as a saxophone blown at full blast.

Mr. E—, a Virgil student was translating during the storm a passage that told of Aeneas' leaving Carthage.

Mr. E—started, "Aeneas", but was drowned by the shrieking of blinds. E-ee-e, bang! they went.

"Start again, Mr. E—," his teacher requested.

"Aeneas," began Mr. E—patiently. Shake, rattle, whee, went the wind around the window.

Certainly the gods were angry with Aeneas or someone else, for only "Aeneas" was heard over the din of the squeaking, squawking, squealing blinds and the hubbubs of the howling wind and snow.

Marion G. Hawkes, 1928.

FRENCH DEPARTMENT

LE SYMBOLE DE FAMILLE

Pierre était un petit garçon français qui était affligé depuis sa naissance d'une maladie de la moelle épinière. Il habitait avec sa mère à Paris un petit logement mal aéré. Comme la mère de Pierre était veuve, leur revenu unique provenait du blanchissage qu'elle faisait.

Un jour où il était assis avec sa mère au seuil de leur porte, une Américaine le remarqua et s'arrêtant elle demanda : Pourquoi ne joues-tu pas comme les autres enfants ?

La mère de Pierre fit l'explication qu'elle avait déjà faite à beaucoup d'autres personnes.

Quel dommage qu'il n'ait pas de moyens d'aller en Amérique. Ses médecins la pourraient le guérir, dit la dame.

Après cette remarque la mère de

Pierre se mit à réfléchir profondément. Que pourrait-elle faire afin d'acquiescer de l'argent pour Pierre.

Comme elle songeait, elle s'est souvenu des jours d'autrefois, de son jour des noces, et du cadeau que son mari lui avait fait, un collier de corail inestimable. C'est un emblème de famille, lui avait-il dit, et il ne fait jamais t'en défiance."

Le père s'était brouillé avec sa famille à cause de quelque escapade de jeune homme et ils s'étaient séparés. Peut-être le collier servirait-il à unir Pierre à ses parents après la mort de son père.

Pourquoi ne pas vendre ce collier afin d'obtenir de l'argent pour l'opération de Pierre ? Elle ne voulait pas le faire mais il s'agissait de la santé de son enfant.

Bien entendu ça rendrait nul tout espoir de jamais trouver les parents de son mari, mais ce ne lui ferait rien si seulement Pierre pouvait se rétablir. On fit les préparatifs et Pierre et sa mère vinrent en Amérique.

Pierre subit l'opération et il entra en convalescence quand sa mère raconta au médecin l'histoire de collier de corail.

Comment s'appelait votre mari ? demanda le médecin.

David Davenon, répondit-elle. "C'était mon plus jeune frère et Pierre est donc mon neveu, s'écria le médecin joyeusement.

Comme cela le collier réussit vraiment à unir Pierre à ses parents. Pierre et sa mère demeurent à New York et ce sera toujours pour Pierre et sa mère un objet sacré.

Georgia Young

Twenty-Eighth Annual
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Pennell Institute, Gray, Maine

Stimson Memorial Hall

June 11, 1926

Class Motto

Ever Onward

Class Colors

Crimson and Silver

Class Flower

Red and White Carnation

March

Prelude

Invocation

Rev. C. H. Berry

Salutatory

Everett William Morrill

Poem, "A Legend of Whitehead"

Bernice Newton Winslow

Class History

Merrill Edwin Libby

Orchestra

Essay, "Indian Folklore"

Mary Ellen Campbell

Oration, "A Recent Idea In Education"

Lenville Louis Hawkes

Class Prophecy

Clara Christine Edwards, Kenneth Horatio Sawyer

Music

Presentation of Gifts

Kathryn Shirley Leavitt, Wendell Burse Tripp

Class Will

Alice Jane Davis

Valedictory

George Hilton Kent

Awarding of Chipman Prize

Presentation of Diplomas

Benediction

Rev. C. H. Berry

LOCALS

At the beginning of the year a change of teachers was made. Mr. J. Harriman, Bates, was elected principal; Mrs. Catherina W. Packard, Bates, of Auburn, first assistant; and Miss Helen Hunt, Colby, of Gray, second assistant.

An agricultural course was instituted this year. Nine pupils are taking it. The teacher is Mr. Fred P. Loring of the State Department of Education. The class meets every Tuesday.

A reception was held on September twenty-sixth. A large number attended. The Freshmen were welcomed and asked to do some stunts. A social followed and a good time was enjoyed by all.

A Halloween entertainment was held on October twenty-sixth in the assembly hall by the Juniors for the purpose of raising money for class expenses. A large number attended; there was a short program followed by a social.

A Glee Club was formed at the beginning of the year under the direction of our music teacher, Mrs. Dawn Grant. The club meets every Monday night after school. Anyone is allowed to join and dues of twenty-five cents are charged.

The New Gloucester drama, "The Elopement of Ellen", was given here in November. The play was greatly

enjoyed and quite a large sum was raised.

In December a party of twenty pupils from the Glee Club went to Lewiston on a theatre party. The show was fine, and we all had a good time.

December for the purpose of buying a drum for the orchestra.

On Monday, January twenty-first, the school entertained the Alumni. There was a short program including chemical experiments by Normal Cole and a selection from the Senior drama, followed by a spelling match and a short social.

Instead of the regular Senior and Junior dramas it was decided this year to have the Junior Class give an operetta which would include members from the whole school and the Senior drama would also take members from the other classes.

The Senior drama, "Anne What's Her Name!" was given at the Memorial Hall on February twenty-fifth with the following cast:

ANNE WHAT'S HER NAME!

By Walter Ben Hare

Presented by

Senior Class Pennell Institute

Characters

Anthony Wheat (Tony), a victim of
circumstances, Lewis Peterson

ATHLETICS

CROSS COUNTRY

Pennell Institute finished a good cross country season last fall, taking second place in both the Country Conference League Meet at New Gorham and the Armistice Day run at Freeport, winning over Windham, and losing to Scarboro, Deering, and Gorham Normal in dual meets.

The Pennell team began preparations for cross country soon after school opened. The course over Colley Hill was lengthened, as the courses of other schools seemed to be much longer than Pennell's. The small number of boys in the school lessened the chances for a very strong team. Among the several veterans who reported for training were: Willard Caswell, last year's star, Lewis Peterson, Carroll Foster, Elbert Sawyer, Roy Verrill, and Philip Frost. Kenneth Sawyer and Lenville Hawkes were lost by graduation, but to offset this Kenneth Leavitt and Norman Cole joined the team. Cole easily was the star of the team, finishing first in all six races of the season, and setting new course records at Scarboro, Freeport, Gorham, and Pennell.

COUNTY CONFERENCE LEAGUE

A County Conference of all schools with less than three hundred students enrolled was held at Portland, sponsored by County Secretary Solandt of the Y. M. C. A. The purpose of this Conference was to promote and secure better understanding and interest in

sports among the smaller schools who could not compete with the well coached and well equipped teams of the city. Principal Harriman of Pennell was interested in cross country, and so he attended the Conference, where he was elected Secretary. Each school entered in the league donated money to purchase a cup which was to be presented to the winning team for the year's keeping. The team winning the cup for two successive years was to have permanent possession of it. The schools which entered teams in the league meet at Gorham on November 5, were: Windham, Scarboro, Freeport, Yarmouth, Greely, and Pennell.

PENNELL DEFEATS WINDHAM

Pennell's first race of the season was with Windham High at Windham. Pennell easily raced to victory by a wide margin of 23-35. Cole easily led the pack to the finish line and was in no way hard pressed by the two Windham runners, Strout and Badger, who finished second and third. Pennell finished in the following order: 1, Cole; 4, Caswell; 5, Peterson; 6 Frost; 7, Verrill; 12, Leavitt; 15, Sawyer.

SCARBORO TRIMS PENNELL

Scarboro High won over Pennell in a very close cross Country race on the Scarboro course by a score of 26-29. Cole for the second time during the season finished first, breaking the course record of 14 minutes 12 seconds. His time was 14 minutes 7 seconds.

Scammon of Scarboro trailed Cole by forty yards to finish second. Pennell finished: 1, Cole; 4, Peterson; 7, Frost; 8, Caswell; 9, Leavitt; 13, Verrill; 15, Sawyer.

PENNELL LOSES TO GORHAM NORMAL

Pennell's cross country team next journeyed to Gorham Normal School where it was defeated by a 35-20 score. The Pennell runners were somewhat handicapped by the length of the course, and also the fact that they did not go over the course before the race. Cole, however, took the lead from the future teachers and held it throughout the entire distance, finishing ahead of Dunton of Gorham by a comfortable margin. Pennell finished: 1, Cole; 7, Frost; 8, Verrill; 9, Caswell; 10, Leavitt; 14, Sawyer.

PENNELL IS DEFEATED BY DEERING

Pennell, as was expected, lost to Deering on the Pennell course by the score of 22-33. Cole after a very hard duel with Don Prince, highly reputed Deering runner, emerged victor with a fine sprint at the finish which the Deering star could not equal. He established a course record of 11 minutes 4 seconds. The score might have been somewhat different in favor of Deering if Witham of Deering had not made a mistake about the finish line which let two Pennell men in ahead of him. Pennell finished: 1, Cole; 6, Peterson; 7, Caswell; 9, Frost; 10, Verrill; 11, Leavitt; 14, Sawyer.

WINDHAM WINS CONFERENCE MEET

Windham with 60 points surprised the racing world by winning the first Annual Conference League Cross Country Meet at Gorham. Pennell with 63 points was a close second; Scarboro with 65 was third; Greely with 77, fourth; Freeport with 92, fifth; and Yarmouth with 126, sixth. Cole finished first, setting a new course record of 12 minutes 10 seconds. In the last mile Cole showed his heels to Strout and Badger of Windham who were pressing him for the lead. Scarboro was the favored winner because of victories over both Windham and Pennell in dual races. Pennell finished: 1, Cole; 8, Caswell; 14, Leavitt; 19, Verrill; 21, Peterson; 31, Frost; 41, Sawyer.

SCARBORO WINS AT FREEPORT

Scarboro easily won over her five other rivals in a cross country race at Freeport. This race was sponsored by the Freeport Post of the American Legion as a part of the Armistice Day Program. Cole finished first, after coming from behind the pace setters near the last end of the race. Cole, Strout of Windham, and Winship of Scarboro received medals to commemorate this event. The scores were Scarboro 38 points, Pennell 51, Freeport 82, Windham 85, Greely 99, Yarmouth 164. Scarboro also won a cup for the year's keeping. It will be put up for competition next year with the same restrictions as that of the Gorham cup. Pennell finished: 1, Cole; 8, Peterson; 13, Caswell; 14, Leavitt; 15, Verrill; 21, Frost; 33, Foster.

HOCKEY

Pennell finished a successful hockey season this winter, winning three games, losing three, and one being a tie. The ice was in a very bad condition which was due to the unsettled weather. Nearly all on this year's team were veterans. John Cobb, Carroll Foster, and Roy Verrill were added to the team which already consisted of Ervin Severy, Norman Cole, Harvey Cobb, Capt. (Stub) Leavitt, Elbert Sawyer, and Philip Fost. Severy was elected manager of the team. Capt. Leavitt was out most of the season with an injury to his arm, and in the last games of the season Severy, Foster, and John Cobb were on the sick list. A strong team can be developed next year as the team will lose only Harvey Cobb.

Since the County Conference Schools are playing in a basketball league, Pennell has to play any team that she can find, whether in her class or not. Some of the schools that Pennell played this winter were so far away that it was a losing proposition to play them.

PENNELL TIES MECHANIC FALLS

In her first game of the season Pennell fought to a 3 to 3 tie with Mechanic Falls on the Pennell rink. Although an overtime period was played, the tie remained unbroken. Both teams were evenly matched in both speed and team work. The ice was very soft, as it was a warm foggy day, and for this reason fast playing was impossible.

Pennell	Mechanic Falls
H. Cobb, lw	Lineup is unknown

Severy, rw
Leavitt, c
Foster, J. Cobb, ld
Cole, rd
E. Sawyer, g

BLISS COLLEGE ICEBIRDS**EASILY TRIM PENNELL**

The Bliss College icebirds easily defeated the Pennell sextette at Gray by the score of 9 to 5. Bliss placed a fast hard shooting team on the ice. Most of the goals made by Bliss were long shots from the middle of the ice. Pennell forwards, H. Cobb and Severy, proved that Pennell was all right in the scoring quarter. Roy Verrill made his first debut in the Pennell goal; and, although he was rather loose at first, he tightened up and made some very pretty stops.

Bliss	Pennell
B. Fournier, lw	lw, H. Cobb
Marois, rw	rw, Severy
T. Fournier, c	c, J. Cobb
Mayrand, ld	ld, Cole
Thibault, rd	rd, Foster, Frost
Croteau, g	g, Verrill

PENNELL PUCKSTERS DEFEAT PORTLAND

The Pennell pucksters defeated the Portland skaters at Portland in an over time period after a very hard fought game by a score of 2 to 1. Both teams scored in the first period. Frost scored Pennell's first goal in the first few minutes of play. Stuart scored the only goal for Portland, after receiving a pass from his forward. Pennell threatened to score in every period, as all three forwards took

several shots at the Portland goal. In the over time period Severy scored on a well placed shot which the Portland goalie could not reach. It would have been a big surprise win even with Capt. Leavitt and J. Cobb in the lineup.

Pennell	Portland
H. Cobb, lw	lw, Leighton
Severy, rw	rw, Swart
Frost, c	c, Pelton
Foster, ld	ld, Laird
Cole, rd	rd, Winslow
Verrill, g	g, Pratt

PENNELL AGAIN DEFEATS PORTLAND

Pennell for the second time this winter won over the Portland hockey team. Pennell had the use of a boarded in rink, which she did not have at Portland in the first game. The ice at the lower end of the rink was very soft and the goal was on bare ground. Fast playing was impossible, nevertheless the game was hard fought. Pennell was not threatened much during the entire game. H. Cobb led the attack with two goals and Frost and Severy each secured one to make the score complete. Portland's only goal was obtained when Foster of Pennell accidentally knocked the puck into his own goal, while trying to shoot it up the ice.

The score was 4 to 1. The lineup was the same as at Portland.

PENNELL'S ICEBIRDS DEFEATS THE BLUEBIRDS

Pennell's hockey team defeated the Bluebirds, an independent hockey team from Lewiston, by a close score of 5

to 4. Both teams showed good team work, and both goalies made several good stops. H. Cobb and Severy each scored two of Pennell's goals, while Frost scored one.

Pennell	Bluebirds
H. Cobb, lw	Lineup is unknown
Severy, rw	
Frost, Leavitt, c	
Cole, ld	
Foster, rd	
Verrill, g	

CANTON DEFEATS PENNELL

Canton easily slaughtered the Pennell hockey team at the Canton rink by a score of 8 to 1. The rink was very much larger than Pennell's, and for this reason Pennell was lost on it. The first two periods were slaughter, but in the last period Pennell allowed only one goal. H. Cobb in the last period got the only goal for Pennell. This defeat was expected, as Canton had nearly all her players who won the State title last year.

Pennell	Canton
H. Cobb, lw	Lineup is unknown
Frost, J. Cobb, rw	
Leavitt, c	
Cole, ld	
Foster, Frost, rd	
Verrill, g	

The second game scheduled with Canton was not played on account of a rainstorm followed by a blinding snowstorm. The Canton team came to play, although it had been warned of the weather conditions and the bad condition of the rink. Canton will probably be dropped from Pennell's schedule next year as it costs a large sum of money to get there.

MECHANIC FALLS DEFEATS PENNELL

The last game of the season was played with Mechanic Falls at Mechanic Falls. Pennell was defeated by a 2 to 1 score, after a hard fought game. Both goals were threatened several times. Frost scored Pennell's only goal in the last period.

Pennell	Meehanic Falls
H. Cobb, lw	Lineup unknown
Frost, rw	
Leavitt, c	
J. Cobb, ld	
Cole, rd	
Verrill, g	

BASEBALL RESULTS OF 1926

Pennell vs. Greely, at Pennell, won by Greely.

Pennell vs. New Gloucester, at New Gloucester, won by Pennell.

Pennell vs. Yarmouth, at Yarmouth, won by Yarmouth.

Pennell vs. Gorham, at Gorham, won by Pennell.

Pennell vs. Greely, at Cumberland, won by Greely.

Pennell vs. New Gloucester, at Pennell, won by Pennell.

Pennell vs. Yarmouth, at Pennell, won by Yarmouth.

Pennell vs. Gorham, at Pennell, won by Pennell.

Pennell vs. Alumni, at Pennell, won by Pennell.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE AND

RESULTS OF 1927

April 16 Maine State School, at Pownal, won by Pennell.

April 19 Windham, at Windham, won by Pennell.

April 27 No. Yarmouth Academy, at Gray, won by Pennell.

April 30 Yarmouth H. S., at Yarmouth, won by Yarmouth.

May 4 Windham, at Pennell, won by Pennell.

May 14 Greely Inst., at Gray, won by Pennell.

May 18 Freeport H. S., at Gray, won by Freeport.

May 21 Freeport H. S., at Freeport.

May 25 No. Yarmouth Acad., at Yarmouth.

May 28 Yarmouth H. S., at Gray.

June 3 Alumni, at Gray.

June 4 Greely Inst., at Cumberland.

BASEBALL

This year Pennell has a much stronger baseball team than last, and has also made a better showing against those teams which have won over her last year. Pennell is in league A of the County Conference League along with Yarmouth, Freeport, No. Yarmouth Academy, and Greely. Pennell thus far has won two of the league games and lost two. Outside of the league Pennell has won twice over Windham and once of the State School at Pownal. Norman Webb, who hurled for Pennell last year, went to Deering and his loss is deeply felt. Leavitt is doing some fine pitching in the box. Severy and Hancock are alternating behind the bat. Harvey Cobb has been shifted from first to short and Cole from outfield to first. Hawkes, a freshman, is guarding second and Frost is at third. Verrill, Gray, and Sawyer are chasing the high ones in the outfield. With this team Pennell hopes to make the remaining games wins and to finish among the first in the league.

**CLASS OF 1926**

Mary Cambell, student at Nason Institute, Springvale, Maine.
 Alice Davis, training at St. Barnabas Hospital, Woodfords, Maine.
 Clara Edwards, residing at Poland, Maine.
 Lenville Hawkes, residing at Cumberland, Maine.
 George Kent, employed at Reed Murdock Wholesale Grocers, Boston, Mass.
 Kathryn Leavitt, Mrs. Guy Prince, residing at East Gray, Maine.
 Merrill Libby, employed with Pine Tree Tel. Co., residing at Gray, Maine.
 Everett Morrill, student at The Bentley School of Accounting, Boston, Mass.
 Kenneth Sawyer, studying drafting with The International Correspondence School of Chicago, residing at Gray, Maine.
 Wendell Tripp, employed at The Standard Oil Company, South Portland, Maine.
 Bernice Winslow, teaching at West Buxton, Maine.

Marriages

Frances Cushing to Frank S. Piper, Parsonfield, Maine.

Marion Fogg to James G. Flanders, Boston, Mass.
 Byron Hanson to Frances C. Leavitt, Portland, Maine.
 Albert Leighton to Hazel Bohnsem, Augusta, Maine.
 Clara Goff Johnson to Fred Ramsdell, Gray, Maine.
 Kathryn Leavitt to Guy Prince, East Gray, Maine.
 George Freeman to Ethel Cole, New York City, N. Y.
 Mary R. Sweetser to Donald Chandler, New Gloucester, Maine.

Births

Daughter: Mrs. Hewitt Cole, nee Jennie Cummings, Gray Maine.
 Daughter: Mrs. Willis M. Goff, nee Ruth Thayer, Gray, Maine.
 Son: Mrs. Guy Prince, nee Kathryn Leavitt, East Gray, Maine.
 Son: Mrs. Merton Hall, nee S. Esther Field, Gray, Maine.
 Daughter: Mrs. S. Hodsdon, nee Hazel Woodbury, Portland, Maine.
 Daughter: Mrs. Herbert C. Tripp, nee Julia Chipman, Gray, Maine.

Merton Sweetser has attained the rank of Ensign at Annapolis Naval Academy and is now stationed aboard U.S. Charles Osborne, Guantanamo, Cuba.



The "Whirlpool" takes pleasure in welcoming the new exchanges and retaining the old. Since we have endeavored to comment upon them with sincerity, we would appreciate any comments upon us that they can give.

As we see others:

"The Netop", Turner Falls High School, Turner: A very interesting paper. Your jokes were particularly good.

"The Corona," Bridgton High School, Bridgton. Your stories were interesting. Call again. We enjoyed your paper.

"The Academy Echo," Freedom Academy, Freedom. Your school calendar was a novel idea.

"The Four Corners," Scarborough, Maine. Your department cuts were exceptionally clever.

"Westbrook High School," Westbrook, Maine. Your paper shows talent.

The proverb idea was novel and entertaining.

"The Pioneer," New Gloucester High School. You have a promising paper.

"The Greely Annual." Your literary department was rather poor. Why not have more stories?

"The Record," Littleton High School. Your literary department was good.

The following school monthly publications were received and much enjoyed:

"The Boston University News," "South Portland Echo," and the "Rostum News." Guilford High School.

"The Signboard," Bay Path Institute.

"The Go-Getter," Bliss College, Lewiston.

Many of the school papers which have previously exchanged with us have not been received at this date but we trust that the new as well as the old ones will continue to come to our reading table.

JOKES

Miss Hunt: "Compare bad."
 Carleton: "Bad-better-worse."

Evelyn Lowe, translating:
 Caesar built fortifications and threw
 up towers.

Hot Air

Ellen Mequier, standing over cold air
 register: "Why there's not a bit of heat
 coming up through this!"

What Next?

First came the stone age; second, the
 age of metal; later, the age of invention.
 This is the age of electricity. I wonder
 what the next age will be.

Old Age

Sophomore: "Why is your head like
 a false alarm?"

Freshman: "Can't imagine. Why?"

Sophomore: "It looks all right on the
 face of it, but there is nothing in it."

Pupil in Algebra 1, trying to draw a
 cube on the board:

"How's that?"

Mr. Harriman: "Too sad!"

Pupil: "How so?"

Mr. Harriman: "Looks like a coffin."

Evelyn Pierce: "What is the differ-
 ence between silver and German silver?"

Ethel Douglass: "The same difference
 there is between measles and German
 measles."

Miss Roberts in History: "Didn't
 Blaine resign before he died?"

Teacher: "What have you in your
 mouth?"

Gum Chewer: "My heart is in my
 mouth."

A Freshman thinks that a family tree
 is something on which to hang his hat.

Barbara: "When you were in the
 drama last night, you didn't speak very
 clearly. Did you have a cold?"

Eph: "Yes, cold feet."

"That guy gives me a pain," said
 Cole, as he left the dentist's chair.

Edwards: "What is the difference be-
 tween a red-eyed mule and a chicken?"

Severy: "Don't know."

Edwards: "What! You raise chickens
 and yet don't know the difference?"

Stubb: "What are you reading?"

Jeanette: "Oliver Twist."

Stubb: "All of a twist? Oh! that
 guy with St. Vitus?"

Severy: "Beware, brother, or I'll use
 you for a mop!"

John Cobb: "Gwan Home! I'll biff
 you full of holes, and use you for a
 sponge."

———, translating from Caesar:
 Let all noses be quiet.

These freshmen as I've often said,
 Disturb me by their idle prattle.
 When a freshman shakes his head,
 "Me thinks I hear the iron rattle."

Mr. Harriman: "Sound will not travel through a vacuum."

Miss Cobb: "After sound waves get to the ear drum, how do they get the rest of the way? Inside the head there's a perfect vacuum, isn't there?"

Mr. Harriman: "I sometimes think there is."

Wilder and yet more wild—Mr. Harriman pitching.

How far that little Georgie throws her beams

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Electrically Speaking

Jeanette says she likes to get shocks. We wonder if that is why she goes around with one of the Pennell battery.

Owen decided that he wouldn't go out for pitching, as no one could hold him.

Louise Chipman is practicing for her life's work by bouncing Elbert Sawyer on her knee.

Peterson tries to imitate the cat's meow in music.

Danger Ahead

Kind-hearted gentleman at funeral: "Who is that sadly mutilated corpse?"

Undertaker: "A former student of Pennell who died from the effects of throwing erasers."

Harriman: "How many want to go to the ball game at the State School?"

No response.

Harriman: "You haven't got to stay there you know."

A: "A man who changes his ideas every day will never be a success."

B: "What about the weather man?"

"They say he died of a broken heart."

"Did he? I thought he died from the effects of being killed."

Miss C.: "Guan and Samoa are filling stations of the United States."

During Civics: "The Secretary of States issues automobile licenses."

Miss C: "Does he issue marriage licenses? Are they very expensive?"

Mistakes found in examination papers. Circuit Court of Apples (Appeals).

The enemy surrounded and killed sought safety in flight.

E. Pierce: (Reading a newspaper) "It says here that there was a big torpedo in Texas."

We Wonder Why

Eph and Evelyn are always dreaming. O. Hawkes is always looking for his book-bag.

M. Hawkes and G. Young cry for more rank.

E. Berry throws notes to Pearson.

M. Sawyer and B. White study Agriculture.

E. White goes to the movies with "Josh."

Cole goes to the dentist's daily.

L. Chipman raves about every fellow.

A. Morrill stays so near the "lab."

E. Sawyer has just recently become interested in girls.

E. Brackett is so quiet.

B. Yeaton has so many pumpkins around Hallowe'en.

H. Lowe does not publish a newspaper.

My Mistake

Gray: "Hello, dear."

Stub: "What are you calling me dear for?"

Gray: "I thought you were Evelyn Pierce."

Elbert: "Jeanette has certainly accomplished wonders on the piano, hasn't she?"

Caswell: "What makes you think so?"

Elbert: "Well, she is getting so she can't bear to hear a Victrola."

Verrill: (translating Latin) "They wore nothing but their hides."

Louise: "This is going some. From thirty-seven to sixteen years in one night."

Mr. H. (In Algebra) "What is the answer to the second example?"

Miss P. (Silent).

Mr. H.: "Miss P. is dreaming."

Mr. H. (A few minutes later): "What is the answer to the fifth example?"

Miss P.: "I don't know. You can say that I have been day dreaming, but I don't understand them."

Gray (translating French) the watchful ear (*l'oreille tendue*). He meant the attentive ear.

PETER PAN

Said Peter Pan,
"When I'm a man
In sweet Japan,
I'm going to belong
To the Klu Klux Klan."

"My son, go West
And build a nest;
You need a rest."
Said Peter Pan,
"I'll do my best."

So out he went
On mischief bent,
But his clothes soon rent,
And his money was spent.

He had to work
For a Yankee Turk.
"You see that dirk?"
Asked he with a smirk.

In Pensacola, Arizona,
He was a Jonah,
(In fact was full
Of old Bologna).

From Mr. Foss,
Who was his boss,
He stole a hoss.
The hoss's name
Was Applesauce.

Pete and the beast.
Then both came East.
"We'll have a feast,"
Said Pete, "At least."

But the salty breeze
From off the seas
Blew up his knees,
And he contracted Bright's disease.

He tried molasses
And took two doses
Of dry osmosis
The result, Tuberculosis.

When he died,
(I was by his side)
"Don't bury me," he cried.
So we had him mummified.

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